BlaB

It's been one of those hauntingly debauched summers, the kind perhaps not seen since Geraldine Page played Miss Alma in Tennesse Williams' *Summer and Smoke* back in 1961 opposite the perpetually dissolute Laurence Harvey, an obvious role model of mine, to be sure, considering his sunken-cheeked presence in such great movies as the slatternly Elizabeth Taylor vehicle, *Butterfield 8*, and *Walk on the Wild Side*, which also featured the delightful, yet tragic, Capucine (pronounced "Capoo-seen"), who not too many years ago, threw herself out of a turret in Paris in a fit of despair. (But then, you always did get her mixed up with Anouk Aimee, didn't you?) Anyway, I know it must have been a broken heart that made her do it because that's exactly how I felt when it happened to me. When my heart broke, I mean. The closest anyone has come since then to touching my heart was when I got fisted recently, speaking, of course, both literally and metaphorically, which I am known to do with some frequency.

You see, I spend a lot of time trying to forget. In lieu of languishing in warm oceans or lakes, even in lieu of a Jacuzzi, I lay in the bathtub for hours reading magazines, magazines, magazines. And the occasional book, although the only ones that make sense anymore are Bret Easton Ellis novels, whose style, of course, was influenced by Joan Didion, whose novel, *Play It As It Lays*, I recently based a movie on. And I occasionally manage to drag my carcass out of the water to attend an Antonioni film. Treatises, all, on emptiness and futility, set against barren modern landscapes. Nothing matters. Love is elusive. Nothing ever seems to happen.

News that a friend is considering buying an $800,000 boat that must be moved exclusively in equatorial regions excites only momentarily. It actually makes me feel a little inadequate, if you want to know the truth. Reminds me of the time I went out onto a bay near a nuclear plant with a sturdy German friend named Gunne in a rowboat which sprung a leak, and she deftly plugged it with a hefty wad of gum she was chewing. Reminds me of my $500 fucking phone bill. I was kind of hoping that Jupiter would have been knocked off its orbital path by that comet and hurtle towards Earth, sending us crashing into the sun so I wouldn't have to pay it. Didn't happen, though.

A little child, a wild little boy of four, recently came up to me in a restaurant and told me that I'm going to die soon. His mother assured me that he'd never said anything like that before to anyone, and that he's also very psychic. That made me feel a lot better. Coincidentally, the day before, on a whim, I'd watched *The Exorcist* on video. "You're gonna die up there." At least this kid didn't pee on the rug. I whispered to him that I predicted he would not be making it to his fifth birthday if he didn't bugger off. The little bugger. I went home that night and watched five hours of *Little Rascals* reruns, which were incredibly violent, allthose poor children being prodded and tortured for the amusement of adults. I laughed so much I thought I might be going a little crazy.

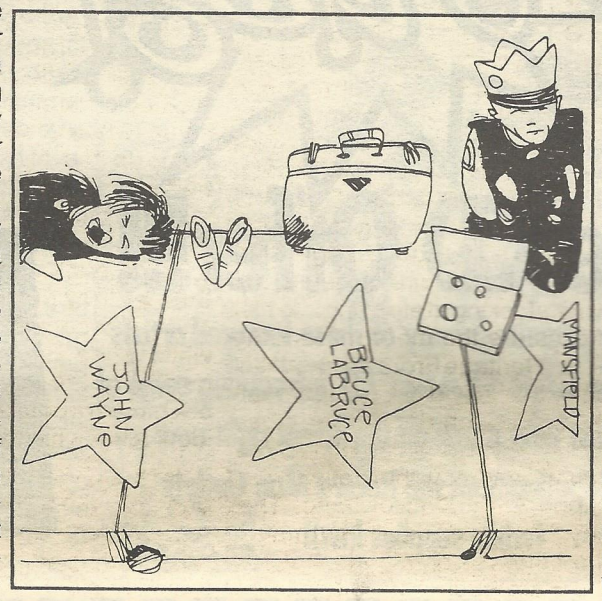
The next morning I wake up, and there is blood all over my room - the floor, the walls. In a panic, I feel myself all over, something I normally wouldn't do, to make sure it isn't mine. It isn't. It's my dog's. Somehow she has managed to slice open one of her hind legs.

Three days earlier, I awaken in the morning not knowing where I am. I turn my head on the pillow and there is the crazy Frenchman again. Fuck. I told myself I wouldn't let this happen. Not that he isn't beautiful - I'm a sucker for a nice, deep scar, especially if it's on the face - it's just that I swore off violent, self-destructive, indifferent men a long time ago. He also happens to be a pervert. I mean, getting your ass eaten out for two hours straight isn't exactly my idea of a good time. Well, at least not every fucking day. Christ, that's all he ever wants to do! Definitely a one-track mind. And the kid on the couch has still never been sufficiently explained to me, although he's cute, too. Nevertheless, I bail. Aloha, with a steel guitar.

Blur is the only band that makes any sense anymore, and you can quote me wildly on that. They're all so pale and skinny, but out-of-shape skinny, and kind of, I don't know, passive and listless, and they're always hungover and throwing up a lot and complaining about PJ Harvey singing about her monthly all the goddamn time. They're awfully fucking cute, like a 98-pound weakling version of Take That minus one member and the West Hollywood posturing. A Japanese fan/friend of mine who lives in Osaka used to worship Take That, but currently he's fixated on Ricky Nelson, to the point where he dresses like Ricky did in the late 50s and combs his hair in a ducktail and even wears blue contact lenses. My little friend, Kee. He's so fucking adorable, I can hardly stand it. He used to go out with another friend of mine who is in a band that recently got signed to a major, but I don't want to tell you who it is because he's kind of in the closet, and I respect that a lot. I'll give you a hint, though. His band has a song on the *Airheads* soundtrack. Anyway, where was I? Oh yeah, Blur. You know, they actually kind of turn me on. Maybe I have some potential for paedophilia, after all, although I guess they're getting a bit old for that. Oh well, you know what they say. Be young. Have fun. Drink Pepsi.

Speaking of blur, I can't remember much about California, since you asked. You see, I went on the wagon for the entire three weeks - not a single drink - so it's all kind of hazy. I recall my friend Manuel driving me around to all the sites where they shot the movie version of Armistead Maupin's *Tales of the City* (which, incidentally, my friend, Miss Davis, who has a little cameo in my latest movie, has a little role in), like Seal Rock and Seal Rock Inn and the Windmill and Lombard Street, the curviest street in the world, also featured in a lot of Hollywood movies like *What's Up, Doc?* which I just watched on TV today, which I and Manuel actually drove down like a couple of crazy tourists. And we went to Anton LaVey's house on California Street, which was painted black in the midst of all these quaint pastel abodes, and had barbed wire around it and kind of had the same vibe as Glenn Danzig's house, which we would later visit in Hollywood. Manuel told me that in his Misfits days, Danzig used to live with Jane (or was it still Wayne?) County - you know, of "and the Electric Chairs?" - and that one of Manuel's ex-boyfriends used to fuck him. Fuck Danzig, that is, not Wayne/Jayne. Then again, rumour has it that I once gave Nick Cave a b.j. in NYC. I guess anything is possible.

I and Manuel and MarcandKevin, the adorable gay couple we stayed with in sunny San Francisco, also visited a SCUD missile site one day, and we went down into the silo on the hydraulic life and saw all these stealth missiles and everything, Very *Dr. Strangelove*. I and Manuel also spent an inordinate amount of time in MarcandKevin's outdoor Jacuzzi, with the cool California breeze rippling through their Anna Madrigal garden and against our exposed skin, And it reminded me of a line from a song off the last Eagles album: "And still my Jacuzzi runneth over." I always loved that line. Something so debauched about it. Still, I'm glad that when I and Manuel had been over at his friend the famous porno star Peter Berlin's place earlier and Manuel had invited him back for a Jacuzzi, Peter declined. I mean, I'm so shy, I didn't even want to go in naked with Manuel, which he teased



me mercilessly for, seeing that I'm supposed to be a world famous porno star and all, and besides, Peter had said that he never enters a Jacuzzi unless it's for the purposes of sex, and, well, Peter is at least fifty by now, not that I haven't had sex with lots of people older than that, but, well, he's a legend, and trust me, you should never have sex with a legend. you'll only end up disappointed.

I and Manuel drove down to L.A. in his Cougar along the P.C.H. (Pacific Coast Highway, darling). Actually, it was his mother's Cougar, which is all white, which he traded her for his Cougar, which is white with a black top, for the trip because hers is in better condition. I remember this because when we stopped for lobster sandwiches, Manuel yelled at me for sitting on the hood of his mother's clean, white Cougar with my dirty boots and showing no respect for him (or her). I accused him of being mean. It was the first fight of our trip. I love Cougars. They're like nobody else's car (I used to love that ad line), except maybe your mother's.

I was enthraled when we drove through Big Sur because, of course, that's where Vincente Minnelli's *The Sandpiper* with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton was shot. I love that movie. We ran across a group of about fifty beached sea lions which we stopped to examine quite closely. That was Manuel's favourite part of the trip. The reason I know thisis because he told me. He is quite the nature lover.

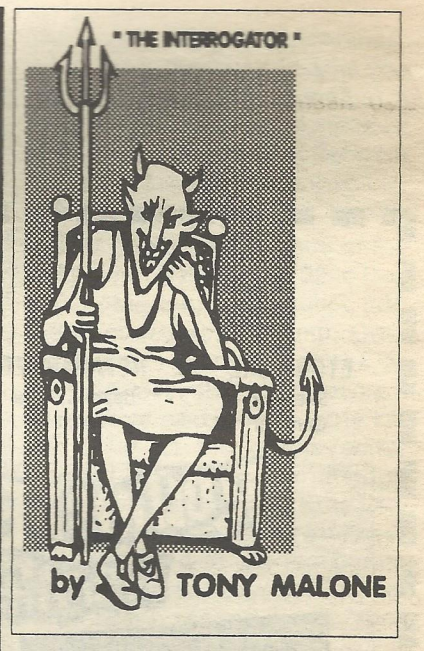
As I was saying, I can't remember much more about my trip to California because I wasn't drinking and all. But I looked great. Oh, I suppose I did show my new movie at the Castro theatre, which was sold out, 1500 fags and friends of fags and friends of friends of.... And I suppose it was a big hit. And I guess when I introduced it, I said, "Hello, San Francisco," then paused, and added, "You old whore." And I suppose they were rolling in the aisles. And I understand I got a good review in Variety, and I guess it was the pinnacle of my career. Too bad I can't remember much about it.

A couple more things I remember, not that it matters. I'm in L.A. at a friend's house trying to watch the NBA finals, cheering rather too loudly for the Bulls, when all of a sudden, the game is interrupted by an advertisement for a white Ford Bronco, but it's shot kind of funny, from a helicopter, and it turns out to be the whole OJ bonanza, which reminds me a lot of "The Sugarland Express" for some reason. If I was with Manuel, who is an excellent driver, we would go in his Cougar (or his mother's) to the freeway and watch OJ drive by because it is history in the making and all. But I happen to be with Miss Davis at the time, who is a terrible driver, and, well, she's in drag at the moment because she is about to play a gig downtown with her band, Black Fag, which also has Beck's mother as a member. And besides, she kind of looks like OJ, so the police might think she's him in disguise trying to get away while AC drives someone else in the white Bronco as a decoy. I know she's a bad driver, by the way, because just yesterday in the parking lot of Ben Frank's she had to get a perfect stranger to park the truck she had rented to move with because, she said, "The parking space is too small," batting her eyelashes at him and acting like a damsel in distress even though she is six foot seven in heels, speaking conservatively, although she wasn't in drag at the time. Incidentally, Miss Davis just wrapped a movie in which she plays a pool cleaner, and one of her co-stars, Kim Cattrall, says Andrew McCarthy, with whom she worked on *Mannequin*, is an asshole. But we all knew that. Although I have to say, it was that very quality that suited him so perfectly for the role of Clay in the movie version of Bret Easton Ellis's *Less Than Zero*. Do you see how everything connects? Very six degrees of separation.

Anyway, two nights earlier, I and Manuel are driving our friend, Glory, in one of the Cougars back to her sister and brother-in-law's estate, who are also famous, but I'm tired of dropping their names, in Brentwood, where she is staying during her visit to L.A. to teach a class at the Learning Annex called "How To Drive Your Woman Wild In Bed," which I and Manuel end up attending, and we decide to pop by OJ's house and Nicole's condo, which are quite close, just to say we'd done it. When we get home quite late, we can hear the queen with Tourette's who lives in the bungalow behind Manuel's yelling, "mothering cunt" and "cocksucker" and "mothergrabbing nigger" just like Linda Blair in *The Exorcist*. I wonder to myself how you can tell a queen with Tourette's Syndrome from a reguiar, run-of-the-mill queen.

Two days earlier, I and Manuel are sitting in his "office," the Astro Burger on Santa Monica, although he is thinking of changing locations to the Yukon Mining Co. a little further east, but I tell him not to because too many transsexuals hang out there, and you know how they are when they hang out in packs, and as we're dining *al fresco*, watching all the hustlers saunter by, I notice some city workers chainsawing down a couple of dead palm trees on a side street, and Manuel says they have to because rats build their nests up inside dead palm trees in L.A., and I think to myself, wow, how Bret Easton Ellis can you get?

love, BLAB xxxo



ANTI-RACIST ACTION

My first awareness of the ARA (Anti-Racist Action) came last summer when I read about a clash between skinheads and the ARA outside Sneaky Dee's at Bathurst and College Streets in Toronto. The skins were going to make trouble, and the ARA decided to be there to stop it, and the confrontation moved down the street where some ARA members broke into the office of Gary Shipper (of The Heritage Front white supremacist organization) and ransacked the place. I know someone who was involved, so I asked him about it. He felt that the 'love your neighbour' policy that most Canadians seem to adopt was useless against violent, uneducated people who go out and stomp on the heads of immigrants and gays for their evening's pleasure. He said that the only message these racists will understand is one that operates on their level, specifically that "if you are going to do violence against helpless people, we're going to show up and stop you any way we see fit." Since the cops are never there when you need them, the ARA has decided to beat the racists down with their own hands, while spreading information about racist organizations in order to educate the public. I spoke to a founding member of the ARA to find out more about how they work. His last name is omitted because the ARA aren't into publicity for their members, as they feel they can't be as effective if they become public figures.

!★@#: The thing I get from your literature is that you want whoever reads this stuff to know that the racist problems that exist here (Toronto) are not just unrelated incidents perpetrated by individuals, but that there is a network supporting racism that can be traced back to earlier racist organizations, and that they are growing even now. How many racist or white supremacist organizations there are in the city?

Craig: Well, the main organizations of the far right in Toronto...of course the Heritage Front is still around, but to a certain extent they're crippled by the court cases that are going on. There are also still elements of the Church Of The Creator.

!★@#: What are the court cases about?

C: The human rights hearing has ruled that they *can* run their hate-line [a phone number where you can hear racist ranting] but now they're up on another charge because I believe there was a condition that they couldn't run another hot-line while these hearings were going on, and they violated that, and they weren't sup-

posed to talk to the media, and they violated that, too. There are also assault charges from the street clash June 11 (last year), which happened after a protest at Gary Shipper's house. Wolfgang Droege is being charged. Ken Barker and some others are in trouble for robbing a donut store.

!★@#: When the ARA shows up for situations like that street clash you are into dealing with these people on a street level. If you hear they're going to be somewhere, you show up and outnumber them. How do you deal with cops?

C: You can see if you look at our demonstrations that the police seem to be there to protect the Nazis. Now, that's not 100% of the time, but it happened at the courthouse demos.

!★@#: Why do you think they do that?

C: For various reasons, I guess. I mean, I'm not in the police so I don't know their mentality, but I know that in the police force there is a lot of sympathy for far-right activities. A policeman, Const. Brad Coulbeck was actually charged with belonging to the Heritage Front and organizing for them. In an affidavit from Elise Hategan, one of the people who defected from Heritage Front, she gave evidence about Coulbeck and about police working with Heritage Front to gain intelligence on Anti-Racist Action. There's an incident where they went to a Heritage Front organizer's home, handed out photographs of ARA people and traded intelligence on ARA organizers. They have said publicly that we're 'just as bad,' that we're a criminal organization....

!★@#: So they just see you as vigilantes.

C: Exactly. You know, they keep saying, "We're not being political in this case - we'll charge the Nazis, but we'll also charge the anti-fascists."

!★@#: So they're tying you both up.

C: A lot of the court dates happen on the same days, or around the same times. Often on the same days at the same courthouse.

!★@#: Obviously that wouldn't happen by accident. Why would they do that?

C: I think it's so that we can't hold a demonstration because we're too busy worrying about supporting our own people.

!★@#: Tell me more about the different factions of people in Toronto who are stirring up racism. Can I look at anything that's concrete? Proof that these people are behind any particular thing that happens in the city? Or are they more subtly stirring up shit and creating an environment where other people are going to do the damage?

C: There's a fine line there. If you go out and preach hatred and spread leaflets all over the place, and you organize Nazi skinheads - to me that's the exact same thing, if you're organizing it.

!★@#: If they have that fine line, they can remove themselves from it, saying, "We don't actually punch anybody."

C: That's what they say, but look what happened when Wolfgang Droege (a Heritage Front leader) and his people went right into a place and attacked people.

!★@#: What exactly did he do?

C: He assaulted someone, using a lead pipe or a heavy stick or something and broke his jaw.

!★@#: What was the reason he gave publicly?

C: They said it was self-defense, that they saw an innocent person being attacked, so they beat up on one person. It's bullshit, but that's the line they give. Talking about the history, I mean, this stuff didn't just come from nowhere. A lot of the key figures have been around since the huge fascist movements in the 30s. John Ross Taylor, for example, who is a far-right leader and financier, is always talking about Adrian Arconde and Beatty from the Nazi Party. They dwell on their history. If you want to know about the history of racism in Canada, read the book, *Is God A Racist?* And *Swastika And The Maple Leaf* is all about Canadian fascism in the 30s.

!★@#: I guess the movement would have been particularly strong then because it was building in Germany, but has it been as strong ever since?

C: There was a lull in the 50s because it was post-war. A lot of soldiers came back telling tales of the horrors of Nazism, so there was not as much sympathy...

!★@#: We weren't as frustrated a country then, either.

C: Right, economically or whatever. So anyway, if you look at who's organizing this stuff - key members in Toronto, in Montreal, and in Vancouver, the three big bastions - it's been the same people organizing this for a long time. The names of the parties change, but the key figures are almost always there.

!★@#: How many organized intelligent people, racists, are actually in charge? Are any in the government?

C: Well, there have been those from the government that have been supporting and organizing - Ian MacDonald, for instance, in Ottawa; I believe he was an ambassador with pretty high links in the government, and he was an advisor to the Grand Dragons, to the Knights of the KKK. Eventually it came to light in the press, and he got booted. This happened sometime in the 70s.

!★@#: Who's stirring up shit right now?

C: It's been a progressive development, or really a *re*gressive development, from the Edmund Burke Society resurging in the 60s, to the Western Guard in the early to mid-70s. Western Guard were huge and very, very violent. They attacked demonstrations, they would disrupt any sort of leftist meetings, they targeted a lot of immigrant groups and homosexuals, especially, and they would physically attack them. From the ashes of the Western Guard came Don Andrews' Nationalist Party. Don Andrews is still around, but he doesn't have much strength because he's really crazy. They're not as heavily organized; they don't have the backing. Out of the Nationalist Party, around the time when all this stuff with Libya happened, out of that came Heritage Front Organization, primarily under the command of Wolfgang Droege, who had been with the Western Guard. He was involved with people who did the Dominican invasion and did time for his involvement, and things like that. The Heritage Front line is that they want to build unity amongst right-wing groups, especially in Toronto and Ottawa.

!★@#: How many organized groups of racists of, say, more than 20 people would you say are in Toronto?

C: Heritage Front probably has 50 to 100 core members, but there are a lot more sympathizers. Then there's Northern Hammerskins who are relatively new on the scene, coming out of White Aryan Resistance movement, skinheads - they're bigger in the states - a lot of people who used to be in Toronto's COTC are now doing Hammerskin stuff.

!★@#: I assume when you're a leader of an organization like that, money is brought in from various sources to supply you with a living, so that you're able to do nothing *but* lead that group. How do they spend their days?

C: From what I've seen, they sit around phoning the ARA hotline. Fuck, they must call our number ten times a day to leave threats. They spend a lot of their time threatening people. "You fucking Jew, faggot, blah, blah, blah, I'm gonna kill you, next time we see you you're dead," all that shit.

!★@#: What are you afraid they might do right now?

C: Like I said the Heritage Front are kind of tied up in the courts, and there's been a lot of media attention, so that's an embarrassment to the government, but some people want to nail the Heritage Front - people like CJC, B'nai Brith - so HF are looking at getting screwed pretty bad. Droege, Shipper and Barker are targeted, and what's looking at stepping into their places are the more militant factions. Heritage Front are modelled after the David Duke approach, the soft sell oh-don't-wear-those-white-power-patches attitude because they know that people won't support that kind of thing. They say, "If it works, use it," but most of the time, it won't work. But now there's a push from the younger crowd in COTC and Northern Hammerskins who say, "Let's attack people, let's wipe these people off the face of the earth." The Sri Lankan man who was beaten into a coma last summer, that was done by Jason Hoolans and people involved in the Hammerskins and COTC. If you look at the skinhead bands in the younger scene they're not hiding it, they're into attacking. They think they're defending their white homeland from the attack of the Jew.

!★@#: And how white are these guys usually?

C: That's another thing. I knew a lot of Nazi skinheads in Ottawa when I was younger, into the punk scene, and I was whiter than most of them. They'd talk about white pride, and I'd be saying, "Yeah, but your mother's Indian, so what the fuck are you talking about?" I think there's a lot of really, really confused people who feel a lot of hate and violence, and they want to come up with some sort of rationale to excuse it.

!★@#: So what do we do with those people? You want to show up and smash their heads.

C: Well there are skinheads who are fence-sitters, who hang out with Nazis, but they may not be hardcore, organized members. I'm not a pacifist, but I've always said if there's a way you can talk to people and educate them, then I'm 100% for it.

!★@#: But you say you're not a pacifist?

C: No I believe in self-defence. I got into this stuff from the punk scene. We'd go to clubs and get our fucking heads kicked in, so we couldn't go to clubs anymore 'cause there's all these Nazis. And I would never fight then, but eventually I said, "Fuck this."

!★@#: So is this a personal thing for you?

C: As a white person I'm not necessarily an open target for violent racist attacks, so my own experiences have been with skinheads, specifically, who may perceive me as gay or a lefty or a punk rocker, whatever excuse they come up with, and those are my experiences that made me aware of the danger. Most of the media isn't aware of half the attacks these people make and the real danger these people pose. The people who back these guys have been doing it all their lives, and they're not going to go away.

!★@#: When I see the guys who are at the top of these organizations, the ones who go out and speak on television, they're the intelligent ones who can control their tempers, put together coherent sentences and seem normal, but they're working side by side with these uneducated, violent street kids, and I wonder exactly what their relationship is.

C: There's a kind of progression, if you stay in the far-right long enough. First of all, they play upon whatever disaffection some youths feel, which is bullshit anyway, like some white kid from a well-off home in the suburbs telling me he's got it bad. It's crap, but they think they have it so bad, and they take these fucked-up ideologies to try to back up their hate. And then as they get into it more and more, it becomes...you're not just white pride anymore, you start getting to the key of what these people are about and the leaders' ideologies, which are just screwed.

!★@#: Do you think that different people in the far-right have different agendas then? Does the leader have a different set of interests than the skinhead on the street whom he probably never meets?

C: Well, of course. The skinhead just getting into things is being very much used. He or she can eventually wake up to that fact. The leaders don't want to get busted making violent attacks, but they HATE so much, that they WANT violence, so that's where the skinheads come in. National Front in England, in the 60s, was the first organization to use skinheads for their violence because they didn't want to keep getting busted, so they'd get younger people to do the fighting and to take the heat. As I was saying about the leaders' ideologies, they're seriously twisted. Like, most of them are into UFO scenes, and a lot of them believe that whites are not just a different race, but that alien beings came down, and the black ones were the bad aliens, and then there's the white good aliens. I'm not joking. They believe that the whites are superior and that they have psychic powers and that the Jews, who are bad aliens, are controlling us. And as soon as the whites shed off this Jewish control, we'll have these wonderful psychic abilities and be able to fly and stuff. I mean listen to John Ross Taylor talk about his numerology stuff. I think they're schizophrenic by that point. If you're involved in hatred and organizing hatred for that long you're going to end up paranoid schizophrenic. And interestingly, so many elements of our society are sick and paranoid as well, so they support that. Really a lot of things that Heritage Front are saying are also being said by The Toronto Sun in different words, you know, about immigrants coming and taking our jobs and that attitude, so the racists have a lot of softcore support.

!★@#: What would the ARA like to see done?

C: There's a lot of street youth getting involved, a lot of the hardcore community, students, people who come in who aren't necessarily "communist" or "socialist," but who come there to deal with the problem and maybe learn things out of dealing with it. Their primary concern is, "Let's get these Nazis out of my school." There was this band called Negative Response, a fake hardcore band coming into the scene with racist skinhead lyrics, so we pushed them out. We organized with posters, trying to get one of their shows closed down, talking to punk groups, saying, "Look, these guys aren't what they seem. Here are some facts about them." There was also a group called Clanbusters who initiated the hearings against the Heritage Front racist hotline. Nazis showed up at these hearings and attacked people.

!★@#: What about Nazis in schools.

C: Oh there's leaflets, a lot of skinhead culture kind of thing; that's why skinhead bands are so big. "Why don't ya check out our show we're really cool let's go hang out and drink." And the people who make these flyers, people like Wolfgang Droege, they know that they need younger boot boys, so they go, "Hey, go to your school and pass these out." A kid may be frustrated, maybe he's getting screwed around at home, and he's really angry, but he doesn't know why, and along comes someone with a really convenient scapegoat system. "Oh you got fired from your job? Well, look, man, it's all these Jews and immigrants." A lot of youth who came to the ARA have already taken their own initiative with U-Care, a new student group. In their school, there are Nazis who think it's okay to walk around with swastika patches, white power stuff, put stickers everywhere and spray paint walls. And the administration isn't doing anything about it, so the students say, "Well, fuck, if they won't do anything about it, we will." And some of their teachers are, like, Paul Fromm, who is an organizer in the Edmund Burke Society, and who just recently got kicked out of his school. What do you do when you see all this white power stuff and a teacher is teaching you that the Holocaust never happened? A teacher may be upset about the stuff but can't do anything. Teachers have said to me, "If I kick someone out of my class for wearing a Nazi shirt, I lose my job." Although a lot of people in the teachers' union wanted Paul Fromm out, the administration would not let them do that. Paul Fromm is still teaching. So the students realize they have to do it themselves. A lot of students come to us for help and we provide information so they know a bit more, that it's not just that one skinhead they had trouble with. ARA are anti-fascist. We support almost any initiative that people take to combat fascism or systemic racism.

Anti-Racist Action's primary work revolves around organizing concerts, demonstrations and spreading information to increase awareness. You can reach the ARA at P.O. Box 664, Stn C, Toronto, Ont, M6J-3S1. (416) 631-8835.

If you would like to express your opinion, contact the writer of this article by sending comments to *Exclaim*, 7-B Pleasant Blvd., #966, Toronto, Ont, M4T 1K2.